And plucke the mangled *Tibalt* from his ſhrowd.
And in this rage with ſome great kinſmans bone,
As with a club, daſh out my deſperate braines.
O looke, methinkes I ſee my couſins ghoſt
Seeking out *Romeo* that did ſpit his body
Upon a Rapiers point: ſtay *Tibalt* ſtay;
Romeo, Romeo, Romeo, here's drink, I drink to thee.

Enter Lady of the houſe and Nurſe.

La. Hold, take theſe keyes, and fetch more ſpices Nurſe.
Nur. They call for Dates and Quinces in the Paſtry.

Enter old Capulet.

Cap. Come, ſtir, ſtir, ſtir, the ſecond cocke hath crowed,
The Curphew bell hath rung, 'tis three a clocke:
Looke to the bakt meats, good *Angelica*
Spare not for coſt.
Nurſe. Goe you Cot-queane, goe,
Get you to bed, faith you'll be ſicke to morrow
For this nights watching.
Cap. No, not a whit, what? I have watcht ere now
All night for leſſe cauſe, and nere been ſicke.
La. I, you have been a mouſe-hunt in your time,
But I will watch you from ſuch watching now.

Exit Lady and Nurſe.

Cap. A jealous hood, a jealous hood: now fellow, what is there?

Enter three or foure with ſpits, and logs, and baskets.

Fel. Things for the Cooke ſir, but I know not what.
Cap. Make haſte, make haſte; ſirrah fetch drier logges:
Call *Peter*, he will ſhew thee where they are.
Fel. I have a head ſir that will finde out logges,
And never trouble *Peter* for the matter.
Cap. Maſſe and well ſaid, a merry horſon, ha,
Thou ſhalt be Loggerhead. Good faith 'tis day.

Play Muſicke.

The County will be here with Muſicke ſtraight,
For ſo he ſaid he would: I heare him neare.
Nurſe, wife, what ho, what Nurſe I ſay.

Enter Nurſe.

Goe waken *Juliet*, goe and trim her up, Ile

Ile goe and chat with *Paris*, hie, make haſte;
Make haſte, the Bridegroome hee is come already, make haſte
I ſay.
Nur. Miſtris, what Miſtris, *Juliet*: faſt I warrant her ſhe:
Why lambe, why Lady, fie you ſluggabed;
Why Love I ſay, Madam, Sweet heart, why Bride:
What? not a word? you take your penniworth now,
Sleepe for a weeke; for the next night I warrant
The County *Paris* hath ſet up his reſt,
That you ſhall reſt but little: God forgive me,
Marry and Amen, how ſound is ſhe aſleepe:
I muſt needs wake her: Madam, Madam, Madam:
I, let the County take you in your bed,
Hee'll fright you up yfaith: will it not be?
What dreſt and in your clothes, and downe again?
I muſt needs wake you; Lady, Lady, Lady.
Alas, alas, helpe, helpe, my Ladie's dead.
Oh weladay that ever I was borne:
Some *Aqua vitæ* ho, my Lord, my Lady.
Mo. What noiſe is here?
Nur. O lamentable day!
Mo. What is the matter?
Nur. Looke, looke, O heavie day!
Mo. O me, O me, my childe, my onely life!
Revive, looke up, or I will dye with thee:
Helpe, helpe, call helpe.

Enter Father.

Fa. For ſhame bring *Juliet* forth, her Lord is come.
Nur. Shee's dead, deceas't, ſhee's dead, alacke the day.
Mo. Alacke the day, ſhee's dead, ſhee's dead, ſhee's dead.
Fa. Hah, let me ſee her: out alas ſhee's cold,
Her blood is ſetled, and her joints are ſtife:
Life and theſe lips have long beene ſeparated,
Death lyes on her like an untimely froſt
Upon the ſweeteſt flower of all the field.
Nur. O lamentable day!
Mo. O wofull time!

Fa.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Romeo and Juliet* (STC 22326) LONDON, 1637 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.58) Octavo